P E A C E.

When navies are forgotten
   And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
   Beneath the eagle's wings;

When memory of battles
   At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
   And creed have found one fold;

Whentthe hand that sprinkles midnight
   With its powdered drifts of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
   Of sects and swords and guns;

Then hate's last note of discord
   In all God's worlds shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
   In the victory which is peace.

Frederick Knowles